

Publications

Why Joe Harris Came

to

The University of Texas



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Why Joe Harris Came
to
The University of Texas



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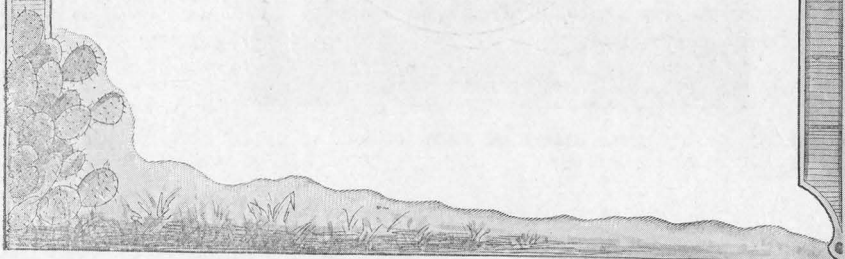


JOE HARRIS went to his father's business from high school. He was sixteen years old. During three years he traveled much, and he was making good. Last October Joe expressed his opinion that the State University was extravagant, and that it was the loitering place of a lot of easy-going fellows. This statement was challenged by a former schoolmate of the boy, who had spent three years at the University.

The young men became immensely interested. As a result of their discussion a wager was made—Joe was to come to Austin and investigate the University. If what he had said was true, Tom Carter agreed to quit school; on the other hand, Joe said that if Carter's estimate of the place was correct he was going to the State University for a college education.

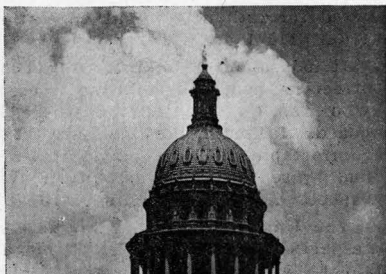
Joe's letters home are printed in this booklet. They will interest you.

If you wish further information, write to the Registrar, University of Texas, Austin, Texas; concerning the Medical Department, address Dr. W. S. Carter, Dean, Galveston, Texas.



University Station,
Austin.

I was glad when the trainman called: "All off for Austin." For nearly half an hour we had seen a magnificent dome overtopping the rugged hills. Sometimes an immense live oak screened it for an instant; but the dome dodged into sight again, pointing the way to our destination. It was the capitol.



The big dome of the Capitol

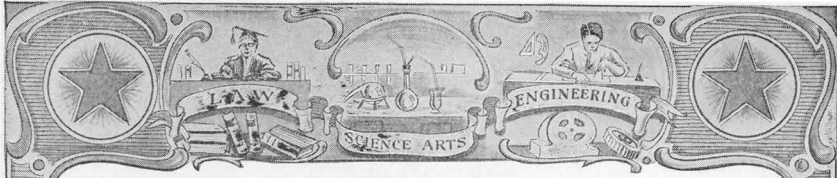
I could see a spire of what I found to be the main University building. The University stands on a hill overlooking nearly all of Austin. I also got glimpses of buildings located at the institutes for the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb, and the Insane.

When the train had stopped we passed through the depot and came out on Congress avenue. At the head of the avenue the big dome of the capitol welcomed us. We could get a glimpse of the granite wings of the building through a screen of green leaves.

I think one never fully appreciates Texas until he sees the capitol. It makes me proud of my state. Of course, I had read how large the building is, but it is different when you see the thing spread out over five acres of ground, and the woman at the top nearly 300 feet above you. When I looked at all of those granite blocks I didn't wonder so much that Texas turned over to the Farwell Syndicate three million acres of land in payment for the building. And then I thought of Houston and Bowie, of Bonham, Fannin, Travis and Crockett, and our unlet-



Four floors of class rooms



tered forefathers who carved this empire out of Old Mexico. I am glad I am a Texan.

It took about 10 minutes to get out to the University. The street-car conductor told me where to look for the Registrar, who was glad to tell me where I might secure room and board. I found the landlady hospitable. She gave me a comfortable place to stay. It isn't near so expensive as I had figured on, and everybody treated me about the way you'd expect. A dozen students board at this house.

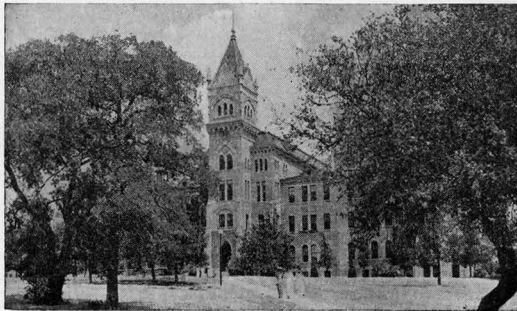
The University is very attractive—even homelike in many respects. It has an air of elegance, despite the wooden shacks, and I am sure they waste a great deal of money here.

Coming to my room I saw some students drive by in an automobile. Their banners were flying, and they seemed extremely happy—spending their father's money, I guess. I also saw several young women coming out of a substantial, "home-looking" place. They were tastefully dressed, and I am sure spend entirely too much—just frittering time away, I suppose. One of the fellows told me that this house is the University Club, and that the women of the faculty and wives of faculty men invite the women students there two or three times a year to help them get acquainted.

One of the fellows told me after supper that nearly half of the boys here earn a large part of their expense money, and that many of the girls help pay the cost of going to the University. That sounds like they are in dead earnest, dad. I am sure, however, that there is nothing to it.

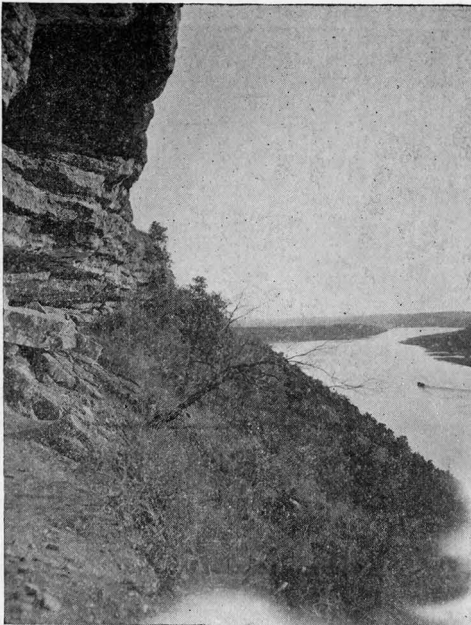
Tomorrow I will tell you more about Austin, and then get down to an investigation which I am sure will "show up" the University.

I forgot to tell you that I saw President Battle crossing the campus. He doesn't look extravagant, but has a face that makes me think I could like him.
Joe.



The University has an air of elegance





**University
Station,
Austin.**

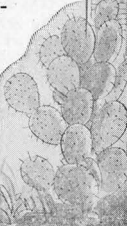
I was up at 6 o'clock this morning, but some of the fellows beat me. It seems that they have a habit of studying before breakfast, because—as one of them told me—they can think better then. A fellow must be “dead set” on something when he gets up to study before breakfast.

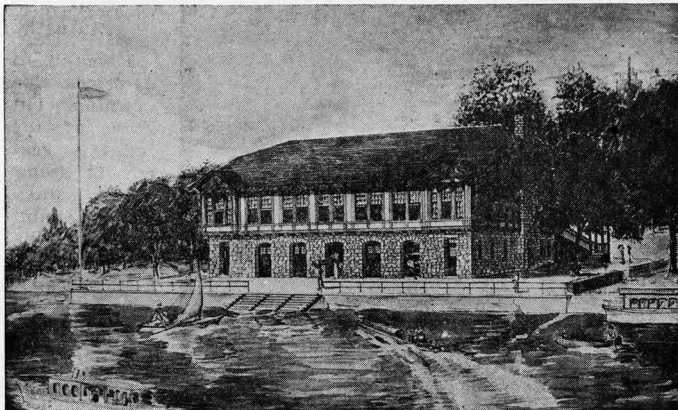
But then I am sure not many of them do this.

Lake Austin extends more than 20 miles up the Colorado River Last night I found few fellows at any public places. They at least stay around their rooms at night—even if they do not study. And the fellows at our house were studying when I got there.

The big lake three miles west of town is perhaps the most interesting thing, next to the capitol and University, around Austin. The granite dam across the Colorado River washed away, you know, in 1900. This one is of reinforced concrete, built upon the modern principle which makes the water equalize its pressure. It cost about \$1,000,000.

Lake Austin extends more than 20 miles up the Colorado River, and has numerous arms reaching back into tributary streams. The purpose of the lake is to provide cheap electric power. Three big generators are situated in the power house just below the dam. Water in the lake is 51 feet deep now; when the gates are closed it will stand 65 feet deep.





The University is building a boat house for students

What a place it is! Do you remember our trip down the Hudson from Albany to New York City? For twenty miles above Austin the Colorado River bears a fine similarity to the Hudson. Its mountains are somewhat smaller than those in New York. They are no less rugged, and are covered with live oak and cedar right down to the water's edge.

Many summer homes are being built along the river. Dozens of pleasure boats are anchored above the dam. Two big launches make excursions up the lake several times a day. I don't know any other place like it.

The University is building a boat house and pier just above the city's landing. This will give students a fine place to row, and will make water sports prominent here. No, they haven't wasted money on the lake. When nearly four thousand boys and girls are living at any place they must have something for healthful recreation. You couldn't keep me out of this lake, Dad. They tell me that every student will be required to swim. Sounds good, doesn't it?

I didn't get to visit the asylums today. The negro schools and institute for the blind would be interesting too. There are six blind boys in the University, and I am told they are making a good record. Everybody seems courteous to them—or did when I saw the boys going to class.

I forgot to tell you that I went to University chapel this morning. A good crowd of students were there, and a tall man made a very sensible talk.



He read from the Bible and led in prayer. I learned today that the University spent more than \$700,000 last year! What do you think of that? But I will tell you about the University tomorrow.
Joe.



Wooden shacks are not suggestive of extravagance

University Station, Austin.

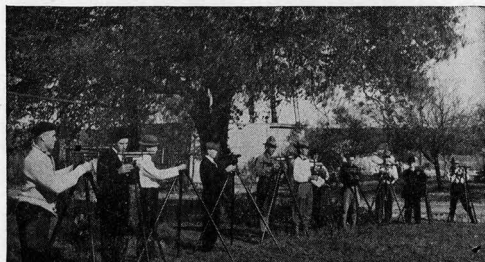
Wooden shacks do not suggest extravagance. However, I am sure that when I get down to close investigation I shall find where money is wasted. I had meant to do that today, but the air was so crisp that I took a long walk this morning—out across Shoal Creek, over rough hills covered with live oak and cedar, and before I knew it I was at the Colorado River.

The big lake mirrored a clean, white cloud in its depths, and the mountains, peeking over each other, were so inviting that I took a boat ride ten miles up stream. Tomorrow I will get down to business.

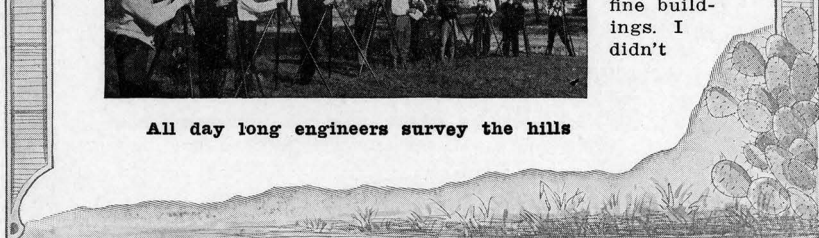
I came back to town on the new "jitney" automobile service for only five cents—with an appetite like Black Charley used to have when he would ask mammy for a piece of ham "bout big as mah foot." This afternoon I started out to make my investigations and the wooden shacks wouldn't let me get away.

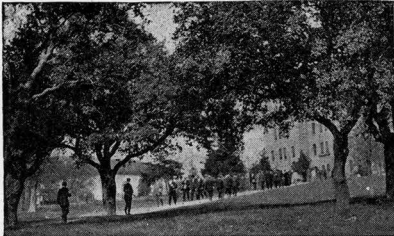
The shacks are boxed and stripped, and ceiled inside with 8-inch ship-lap. A double roof is used to permit free circulation of air, and makes them reasonably comfortable even on hot days. Two of the shacks have steam heat. The others

use stoves. They are conveniently furnished and seem to afford as good places to work as fine buildings. I didn't



All day long engineers survey the hills





There is a spirit of good fellowship

is provided to build stone or brick structures.

And really, Dad, I hope they get the money. We wouldn't hardly use the shacks for barns out on the ranch. Texas ought to have good buildings for anything which represents the State.

There are twelve of the shacks. Physics, Chemistry, German, Home Economics, Business Training, Education, Extension, and Journalism are taught in them. Nearly 500 men eat in one and another serves the women as a gymnasium.

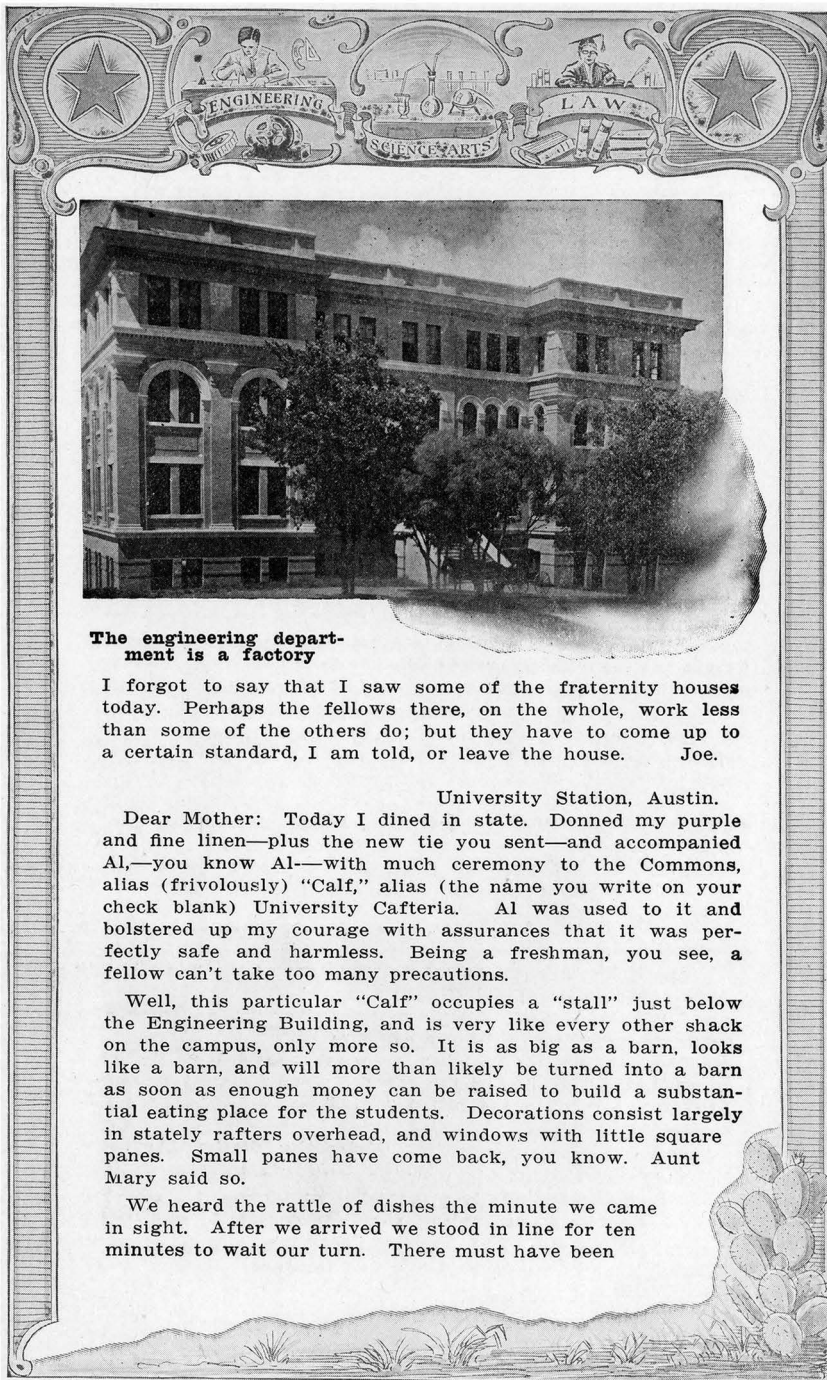
The first shack was for Home Economics, and its plan was a New Year's surprise in 1912. The University was overflowing with students, and something had to be done. Enrollment at the University has grown from 1041 in 1900 to 3501 students last year. The University stands first among schools in the South, I find, and ranks among the great State universities, even though it does not spend nearly so much money as some of them do. Maybe it takes more money than we thought to teach 4000 boys and girls.

Do you reckon the plan is better than letting them go to work and learn as best they can in practical life? Everybody seems to be mightily in earnest about his work.

Tomorrow I shall tell you about what they really do here in some of the special departments.



The shacks are conveniently furnished



The engineering department is a factory

I forgot to say that I saw some of the fraternity houses today. Perhaps the fellows there, on the whole, work less than some of the others do; but they have to come up to a certain standard, I am told, or leave the house. Joe.

University Station, Austin.

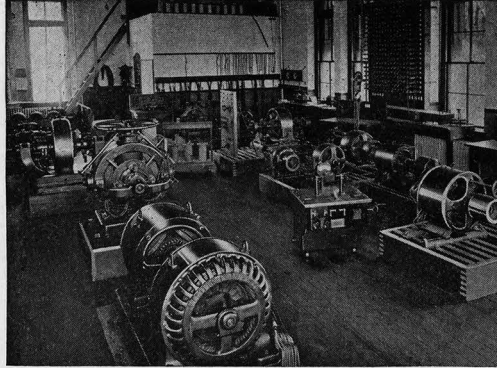
Dear Mother: Today I dined in state. Donned my purple and fine linen—plus the new tie you sent—and accompanied Al,—you know Al—with much ceremony to the Commons, alias (frivolously) “Calf,” alias (the name you write on your check blank) University Cafeteria. Al was used to it and bolstered up my courage with assurances that it was perfectly safe and harmless. Being a freshman, you see, a fellow can’t take too many precautions.

Well, this particular “Calf” occupies a “stall” just below the Engineering Building, and is very like every other shack on the campus, only more so. It is as big as a barn, looks like a barn, and will more than likely be turned into a barn as soon as enough money can be raised to build a substantial eating place for the students. Decorations consist largely in stately rafters overhead, and windows with little square panes. Small panes have come back, you know. Aunt Mary said so.

We heard the rattle of dishes the minute we came in sight. After we arrived we stood in line for ten minutes to wait our turn. There must have been

fifty ahead of us, and I heard interesting things toward the front, like this:

"White meat, bonehead!"
—"A glass of butter-milk." —
"No, I don't like cottage pudding."
—"Pardon



me, I didn't mean to step on it."—"Hanged if he didn't pour gravy over the cake."

And from the row of tables on my right came a buzz that sounded like one of your sewing bees.

We edged close, got a tray, with knife and fork and plate. Then the eats loomed up! Mother, I'm really telling the truth now, there was turkey—a whole pan full, enough to feed the starving Belgians. And little green peas, mashed potatoes, corn, and every dessert imaginable. I had strawberry shortcake.

"How much does it cost to eat here?" I asked as soon as we found a seat.

"An average of \$15 per," he answered. And Al isn't a bit economical.

That's the secret of the whole success of the "Calf." It's (put your foot on the soft pedal) cheap! CHEAP, in capitals, and wholesome. It is run by the University, and they aim only to make it pay its own expenses.

The records for October show that 24,805 meals were served, 750 a day. And the average cost of a meal amounted to 12c. Long live the fatted "Calf!"
Joe.

University Station, Austin.

I started in this morning with the Engineering Department. It is a factory that turns out civil, electrical, mechanical, chemical engineers, and architects. The building has the air of a great industrial establishment. It is a place of work.

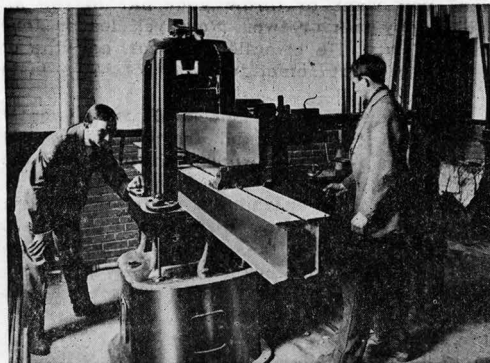
The home of the Engineering Department is a large four-story, fireproof building of yellow brick and stone.

I visited a room for testing materials. A machine was breaking a bar of concrete, and students were noting the results. Farther on is a room where I heard the "thirr" of electric machinery. I found some students interested in motors. They evidently enjoy their work. I spoke to one of them. He said that work in the laboratories is supplemental to lectures and recitations, so as to present each subject from all points of view. There are five electrical laboratories.

The drawing rooms are the most attractive in the building. A number of students were at work over draughting boards. Some of them were making blue prints. Architecture seems to be an important part of their study.

In another building near by—the University Power House—I found a room of engines—big ones, little ones, black, red, engines in motion, engines out of motion, steam, gas, oil, reciprocating, turbine. The room was as full of noise as it is of engines. Students walked freely about the machinery. They were doing the everyday work of an engine room. Here I found a student with a monkey wrench. He was peering into a cylinder from which he had taken the head—evidently studying an engine at first hand. Other students were making tests with pumps. They are becoming familiar with the use and care of these machines and at the same time mastering the principles that underlie their design, construction and application.

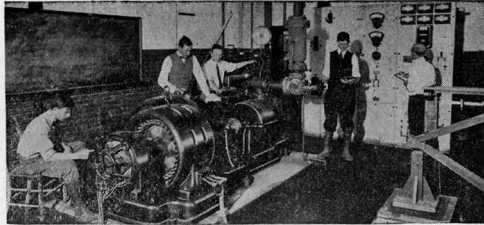
Out on the campus I found a group of engineering students



with surveying instruments, plotting a railroad curve as carefully as if it had been for the C. G. W. All day groups of young fellows survey the

A room for testing materials

campus and hills around. On Waller Creek they draw up plans for the construction of a bridge. Just beyond they are puzzled with an actual



Students interested in motors

problem in drainage. It is just such work as this that enables many of these students, even before graduation I find, to secure profitable employment during summer vacation.

I tried hard, Dad; but I can't find where money or time is wasted in the Engineering Department. It is great!
Joe.

University Station, Austin.

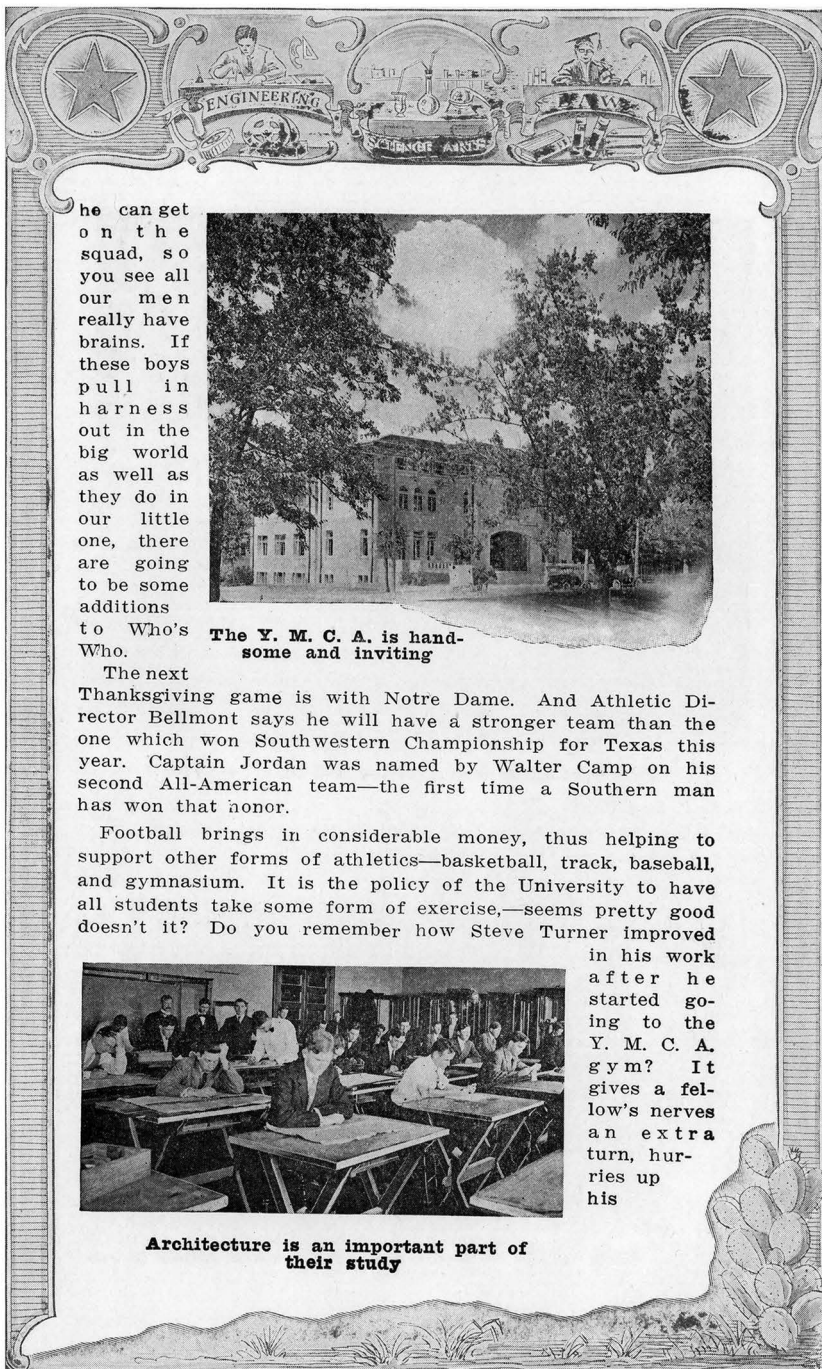
No Law School today for me. The calendar says Thanksgiving. Why under the sun didn't I remember that it **was** a holiday?

Night before last we had a football rally in the 'Varsity auditorium. About 1500 boys and girls packed in like mad. It was raining outside. Goodness knows how many there might have been but for this. The student band, made up of about forty-five pieces, started some thrilling music—the kind that makes you want to throw your hat in the air; then followed a snappy talk or two. Next yell leader Jones came into his very own. He is agile as a cat, and the old building must have thought something was let loose inside of her.

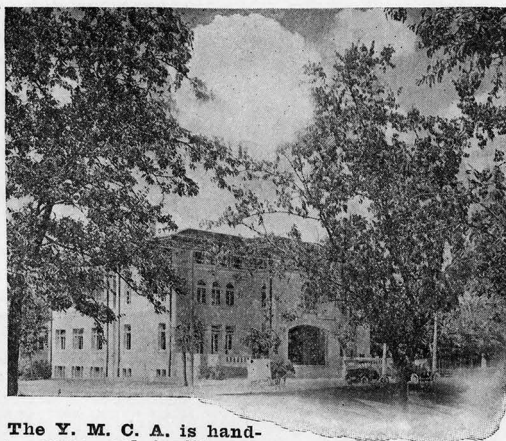
The Thanksgiving game was at 3 o'clock. It is an event in Austin, you know, and four thousand friendly, happy folk slopped out in a drizzle, with a downpour threatening every minute, to see 'Varsity lick Wabash. I was over in the "rooters'" section, with a thousand or so fellows, yelling myself hoarse under the startling directions of acrobatic Mr. Jones. I just couldn't keep the spirit out of my blood.

Across the field, in the grandstand, yellow and white chrysanthemums, big as plates, waved, and Texas pennants fluttered wildly. There was some red and white, too—the colors of Wabash—just to show our hearts were in the right place.

The greatest thing about our eleven is team work. A fellow has to make his grades before



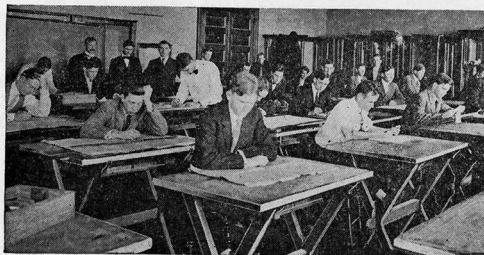
he can get on the squad, so you see all our men really have brains. If these boys pull in harness out in the big world as well as they do in our little one, there are going to be some additions to Who's Who.



The Y. M. C. A. is handsome and inviting

The next Thanksgiving game is with Notre Dame. And Athletic Director Bellmont says he will have a stronger team than the one which won Southwestern Championship for Texas this year. Captain Jordan was named by Walter Camp on his second All-American team—the first time a Southern man has won that honor.

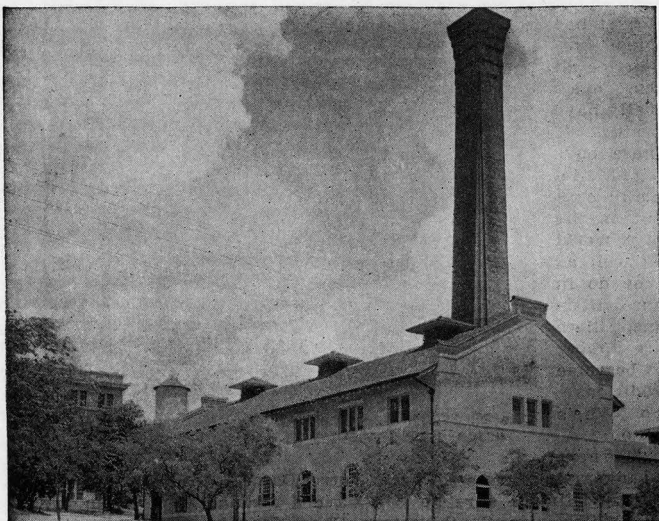
Football brings in considerable money, thus helping to support other forms of athletics—basketball, track, baseball, and gymnasium. It is the policy of the University to have all students take some form of exercise,—seems pretty good doesn't it? Do you remember how Steve Turner improved



in his work after he started going to the Y. M. C. A. gym? It gives a fellow's nerves an extra turn, hurries up his

Architecture is an important part of their study





The University power house is full of engines

blood, and burns all impurities out of his system. My, how the fellows need a good gymnasium up here. They are all crowded up in the basement of the auditorium! But the legislature will fix that when the wooden shacks are gotten rid of.

After dark there was a bonfire and a big parade—about as much excitement as there is back home when your political party wins. There were a lot of fraternity dinners and a reception. But everything is quiet now.

Tomorrow's the Law School.

Joe.

University Station, Austin.

I found a real live court in the Law Department of the University. Judge, jury, lawyers (I am not sure about the prisoner), and most of the spectators are students. There is all the seriousness and attention to detail of a district court. The evidence in, lawyers address the jury, the judge issues his instructions, and proceedings wait for a verdict. This practice court surely gives the students such a working knowledge of law that they are able from the beginning of their practice to handle cases easily.



In the classrooms I found that the students learn law by studying cases that have actually been tried. They also study textbooks. I listened to an interesting lecture on contracts.

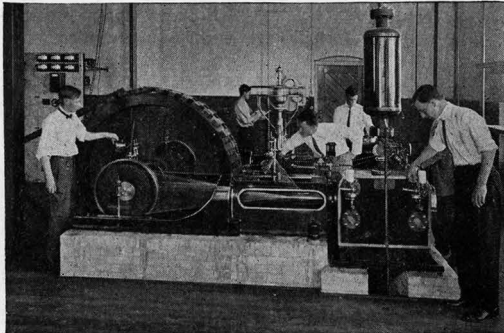
The Law Building is one of the best at the University. When I got over there at 9 o'clock young men were walking up the steps with large sheep-skin bound books under their arms. Two of them stopped. There was a discussion as to the merits of the decision in *Mulcahay vs. Melcher*. They referred to the books they were carrying, and went on to class. Contact of student with student in friendly discussion is a big factor in the life of the Law Department.

The fellows are not all supreme court justices yet, and don't seem to have any particular notion that they are high and mighty. For the most part they seem to have a serious purpose and are doing definite work,—with the idea of being able to "put them over" when they get out. Next to the College of Arts, the Law Department enrolls more students than any other department of the University. There are eight professors and ten other officers.

Of course, too, the fact that the Supreme Court of Texas, the Court of Criminal Appeals, and the Court of Civil Appeals for the Third Supreme Judicial District are in session in Austin during the entire school year, makes the capital city an unusually attractive place for any fellow who wants to learn law. A term of the United States District Court is held in Austin, too.

The Law Library, on the second floor of the Law Building, is a busy place. The librarian told me that there are nearly 10,000 selected books on its shelves—a number of sets

of Texas
Reports,
American
Decisions,
Lawyers'
Reports
Annotated
—but I
won't
name
them;
they are
all



Students do the everyday work of an engine room



there, including a valuable collection of works appertaining to American and English constitutional history and law. This didn't mean much to me. It does interest young lawyers immensely.

I forgot to say that I went to University Methodist Church Sunday. The galleries were crowded with University students. Why, there are more than 1500 church members among the students at the University; 398 men in the Wesley Baraca class. It seems to me that a goodly number of them are "working at their job," too. Joe.

University Station, Austin.

Dad, I saw things today in D. E. Hall which have set me to wondering if it isn't worth while, after all. Did you know that a part of that \$700,000 went for the training of efficient housewives? Did you know that the girls up here are preparing themselves to be scientific managers of the business of a home, as well as vote when they get the ballot, and transact business? I didn't until today. I was a bit upset when I heard it, and didn't want to believe it—but a woman changed my mind for me.

I went to the building where the Department of Domestic Economy is housed, and was shown through various classrooms and laboratories. It took no little courage, you may be sure, to venture into a department sacred to "co-eds," but I was determined to give everybody a fair chance to show me that all of the money spent here gets value in return.

Of course, there were lots of things I didn't understand in the cooking laboratory, but I could see enough to convince me that here is a fine combination of the scientific and the practical, whether a woman leaves college for home, an office, or a profession. These laboratories look busy and smell good, and then I could taste the "experiments."

The girls
wore big
white
aprons, and
each one had
her own gas
stove and
compartment
for



An actual problem in drainage



Out on the campus they plot railroad curves

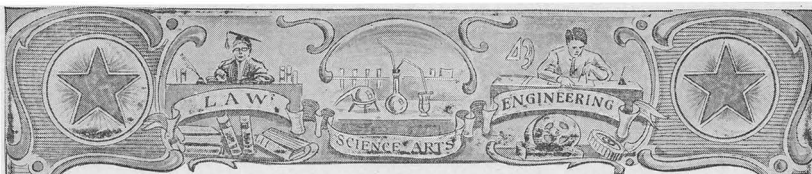
cooking utensils. The principles are given in lectures and then put into practice in the laboratory, where the girls not only cook the meal, but serve it, eat it, put away the dishes, and then sit down to figure out the cost of the materials used.

I saw one luncheon which was prepared for a tired business man—designed to meet his needs, fit his purse, and please his eye. Think of having your home run by a woman who does things that way, instead of crying sloppy tears over the tenth departed cook!

The classes in Chemistry of Foods and Dietetics are even more business-like. Their array of glass tubes and vari-colored bottles was awe-inspiring.

In another laboratory there was a deafening whirr of many sewing machines and a confusing maze of girls, patterns, half-finished and all-finished garments. I was afraid I would get tangled up in there, and I couldn't tell much about it, anyway, except that they were awfully busy and had their mouths full of pins; so I stayed out. But I did feel ashamed when I remembered some of the things I had said about extravagant university girls who wear "sporty" clothes and send the bill to father.

There was a class, too, in costume designing—a course which teaches what to wear, and how to wear it, not according to French fashion plates, but "in harmony with artistic laws of color and line." What surprised me most of all was the classes in House



Structure and Sanitation. Why, they study all about things that are a man's business but ought to be a woman's; the location of the home, cost of materials, ventilation, heating, and plumbing. And, not to make the subject too unfeminine, interior decoration. Some of the water color designs for model living-rooms looked mighty livable to me. They go farther, too, even studying the Division of Income, and the Economic Function of Women.

Do you wonder that my head was swimming? I was glad to get by myself, and made for a campus bench out by the lily pond where I could think it all out.

These women hadn't preached to me. They didn't even know that I was not in favor of a girl's wasting time and money in a state university; simply took their work as a matter of course. And yet they have made me begin to think that maybe a girl ought to be trained for her work of home-making. Maybe it is a paying investment for the State. It does seem likely that intelligent women with scientific training could do a few things for the Texas of tomorrow, and not only from the standpoint of health and increased efficiency. But I don't know much about such things. What do you and mother think?

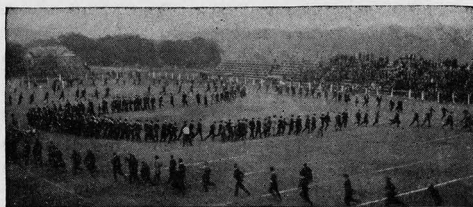
I forgot to say that the school is in a wooden shack. But in spite of this it has come to rank among the very best of schools of domestic economy in the United States.

If you are interested in the girls' side of things down here for Elizabeth, I can find out some more about them. Joe.

University Station, Austin.

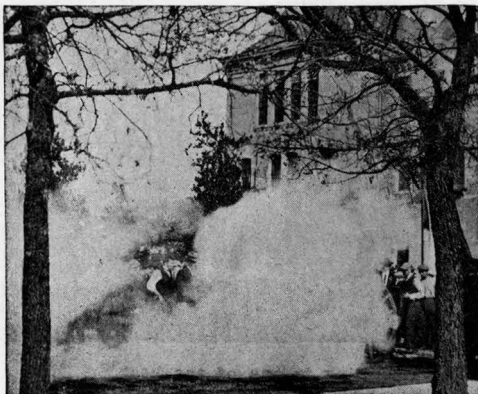
"Business Training" sounded interesting, so I decided to see H Hall and find out. The name sounds like a business college, but it isn't. It is one of the schools of the College of Arts, and its courses are correlated with other work in the University so that a man not only learns the current situation, but gets an intelligent view of how it came to be that way, and what to expect in the future.

Modern
business is
studied in
a scientific



The Thanksgiving game. I just couldn't keep the "spirit" out of my blood





After dark there was a bonfire and parade

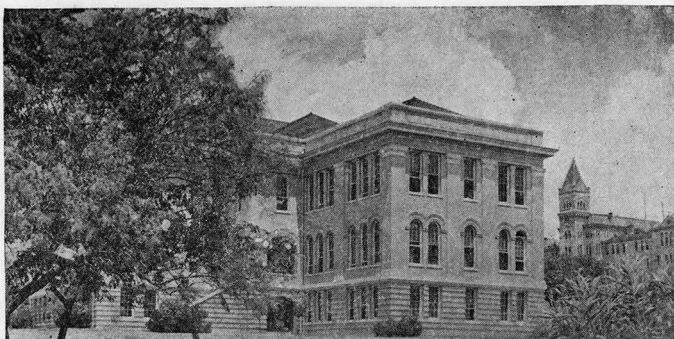
counting work every bit as hard as if they were holding down a job and didn't run to meet the postman when a check from home is due. And I guess there isn't a bit of doubt that when they do get into business they will get to the top quicker than the fellow who has to learn it all by "practical" experience.

One of the "math. profs." teaches them all about Investment and Life Insurance, and those who want to learn the secrets of the "opulent" banker may study Banking Practice, and occasionally tilt back their revolving chairs in an endeavor to look like J. Pierpont.

There are any number of classes that made me wish I had known about them; such as Advertising and Sales Methods, Commercial Law, Insurance, Actuarial Mathematics, and all that. But the most interesting course to me was the one called "Business and Industrial Relations." Right then I decided that it was up to me to come here to school before I go back to the office. Think how much more useful I could be, Dad, after having been put through an extensive study of the industries of Texas,—cotton, packing, and oil—the sources of supply, organization, and relation of manufacturers to wholesale dealers and retail merchants.

But when the professor in charge began talking about the theory of depreciation, value of assets and consignment accounts, I thought maybe it would be well to continue my tour of investigation. You see I don't know

way, and I guess in this day that's the way to do it. Any how, everybody admits that "business is conducted mainly for pecuniary gain." The boys who sit upon high stools in the Business Training laboratory and learn ac-



The Law Building is one of the best

any too much about such things, even if I did go into your business straight from high school.

An awful clatter of typewriters and the rumble of what I found to be a linotype machine and a big cylinder press warned me that I was getting into some sort of factory. I straightened my tie, assumed a noncommittal air, and walked in. What a busy place! But I like it. I stayed in the copy room for the rest of the afternoon and talked to the fellows who had their stories "in" and "could loaf and persuade their souls" till time came for something more strenuous.

I'm talking about J Hall now—the new School of Journalism, which is next door to the Business Training shack I just told you about. Well, it's hard to decide just what to "feature" in this description (not the result of my talk with newspaper men), because it is an unusual place. The faculty is made up of real live newspaper men, and everybody in the department is there because he wants to be—not just to kill time or get a degree—so you can imagine the work is worth while. They get out a paper that isn't a copy book affair, and also they do work on the town dailies occasionally; that is, they cover the news of the University neighborhood.

The first course is one in the History and Principles of Journalism—a foundation for what follows; then there is News Gathering and Reporting, where the fellows are not only told "how," but get out and "show how" it's done, and Copy Reading, and Principles and Technic of Advertising, and—but all that is in the University catalogue. I will bring one home and you can see for yourself; it's too long to put in a string in this letter.

Some of the Journalism students learn Mechanics of Printing, and do sure enough work back in the lab.; others find out about Business Management and how to "Increase the Circulation." Those who are going to run a country newspaper or take up technical work study Agricultural Journalism along with their Editorial Writing and Newspaper Jurisprudence.

The eight girls who are enrolled seem to do what everybody else does,—I didn't see any "Beauty Hints" or "sob story" classes, and they pound away on the typewriters as busily, if not so speedily, as the men. This is one professional school where girls are not made to feel that they are intruders.

I forgot to say that the School of Journalism was only founded this year, but at the rate it is going now it will soon be a big thing. They have the sort of enthusiasm and "get together" spirit that makes a fellow wonder if he hadn't made a mistake by not going into newspaper work.

Something tells me it is supper time.

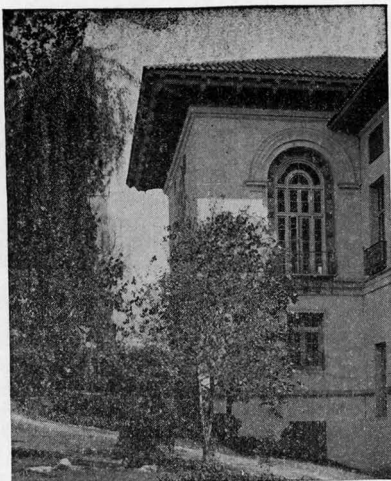
Joe.

University Station, Austin.

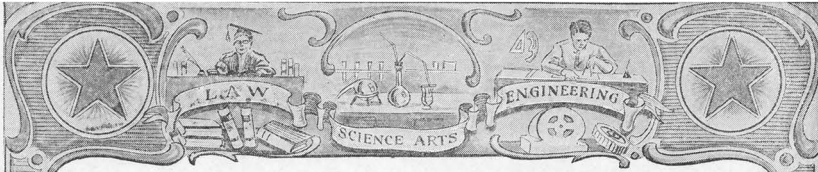
How is the man across the street getting along with his University Correspondence work? I'm getting interested. Today I went over to the Extension Department just to have a look into what they are really doing. The department was a little hard to find, being located in an obscure, west-campus shack.

We need a course in landscape gardening up here. They drop these shacks about the campus with about as much taste as Mrs. Schmidt displays in planting her cedar trees.

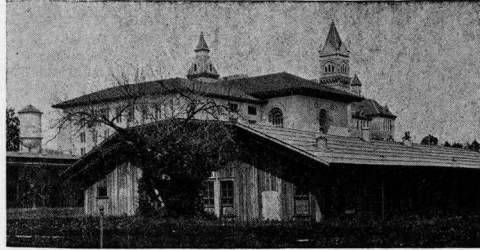
To get back to my subject—the Extension Department proposes to bring the University



Out by the lily pond



to the people who, because of frenzied finance or business, are unable to attend the University in person. Everybody pays taxes—so everybody should have a chance to study.



Domestic economy is taught in a wooden shack

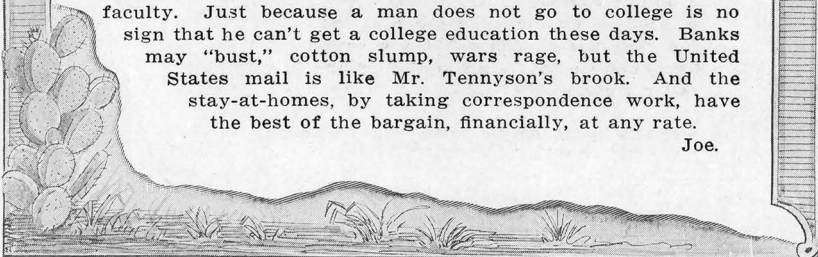
In the Extension Department there is a Division of Public Welfare to investigate the economic and social conditions of the State; a Division of Home Welfare, with its problems relating to home-making. Then there is the Division of Public Discussion, which encourages debating and circulates the package library. The package libraries have gathered information on every subject under the sun. And all a fellow has to pay for the information—on—well, better babies, some topic of state interest or the war in Europe, say—is the postage.

Perhaps the most important division, however, is that of Correspondence Instruction. Its purpose is to teach by mail those courses that lend themselves to written recitation,—such subjects as English literature, modern languages, mathematics, philosophy, business and vocational courses—in fact, any study that does not require personal presentation. A course completed, credit is given on a degree, if desired. Half of the courses required for a University degree may be completed by correspondence.

Do you know, I am finding out that “service to all of the people” is the ideal of the University, and they seem to be living this ideal remarkably well,—even in wooden shacks!

I forgot to say that the cost of registering for a correspondence course (which is one-third of a regular University course) is \$7. The instructors are members of the University faculty. Just because a man does not go to college is no sign that he can't get a college education these days. Banks may “bust,” cotton slump, wars rage, but the United States mail is like Mr. Tennyson's brook. And the stay-at-homes, by taking correspondence work, have the best of the bargain, financially, at any rate.

Joe.





University Station, Austin.

Mother: If some one had asked me to dinner at the Woman's Building a fortnight ago I would have found some excuse for declining mighty quick. Just fancy eating dinner with eighty-five girls! But since I have set out to prove my point of extravagance, I accepted the invitation. I ate dinner before I went so that my timidity would not leave me hungry. Afterwards I wished I hadn't—but that is another story.

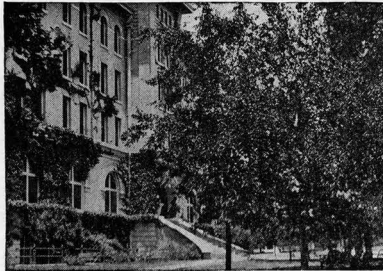
In the first place, mother, I observed that not one of those girls was extravagantly dressed. They were sensible looking, attractive American girls. But I started out to tell you about the Woman's Building. It is a four-story brick structure on the northwest corner of the campus. The dining-room is an unusually attractive place; and the parlor, a room large enough to occupy half of the first floor, is home-like.

After dinner the girls gathered around a big piano and sang everything from Old Black Joe to hymns and college songs. The administration room is on the second floor, and I was shown some surprisingly pretty rooms for girls—comfortable and well-furnished, especially those belonging to the holders of the Woman's Federation and D. A. R. scholarships.

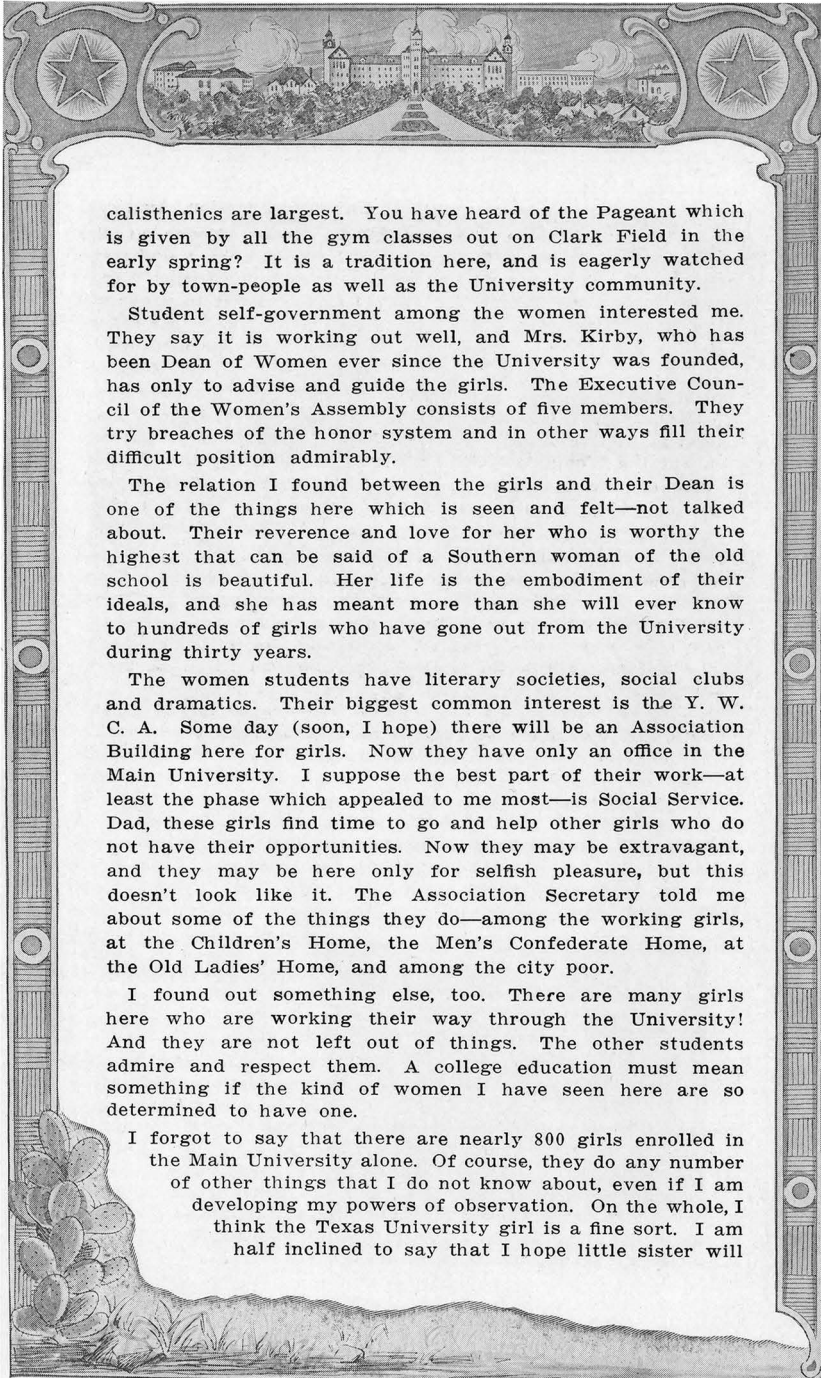
The swimming pool and gymnasium are in the basement. Recently they have become so much too small that another gymnasium has been built just west of the Woman's Building. Like all the recent additions, this is in the form of a shack. The girls claim to have a championship team in basketball this year, and the excitement and interest in a series of class games in basket ball, just now, is considerable. One hears many a tale of the exciting games down there between Freshmen and Seniors. The "Fresh" wear green middies, and the others orange. Spectators who have

paid a pin or a button by way of admission crowd the gallery and cheer for their respective teams.

Tennis is always popular, and there are many girls who swim; but the classes in folk-dancing and



There is a swimming pool and gymnasium in the Woman's Building



calisthenics are largest. You have heard of the Pageant which is given by all the gym classes out on Clark Field in the early spring? It is a tradition here, and is eagerly watched for by town-people as well as the University community.

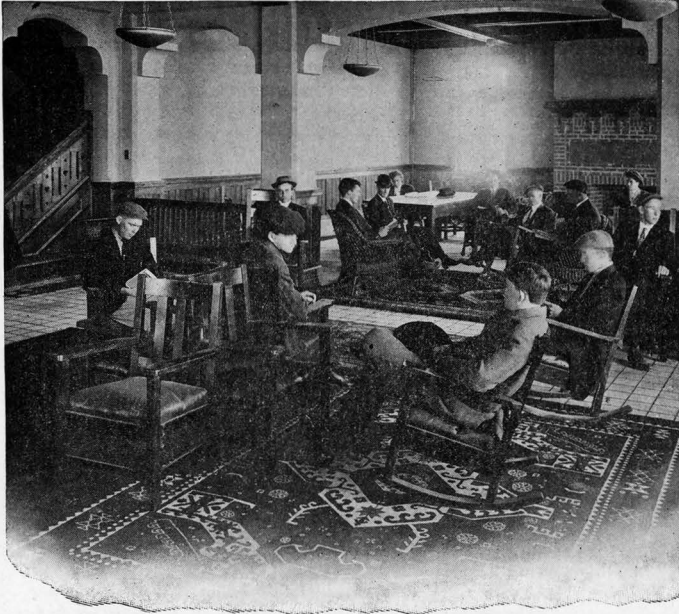
Student self-government among the women interested me. They say it is working out well, and Mrs. Kirby, who has been Dean of Women ever since the University was founded, has only to advise and guide the girls. The Executive Council of the Women's Assembly consists of five members. They try breaches of the honor system and in other ways fill their difficult position admirably.

The relation I found between the girls and their Dean is one of the things here which is seen and felt—not talked about. Their reverence and love for her who is worthy the highest that can be said of a Southern woman of the old school is beautiful. Her life is the embodiment of their ideals, and she has meant more than she will ever know to hundreds of girls who have gone out from the University during thirty years.

The women students have literary societies, social clubs and dramatics. Their biggest common interest is the Y. W. C. A. Some day (soon, I hope) there will be an Association Building here for girls. Now they have only an office in the Main University. I suppose the best part of their work—at least the phase which appealed to me most—is Social Service. Dad, these girls find time to go and help other girls who do not have their opportunities. Now they may be extravagant, and they may be here only for selfish pleasure, but this doesn't look like it. The Association Secretary told me about some of the things they do—among the working girls, at the Children's Home, the Men's Confederate Home, at the Old Ladies' Home, and among the city poor.

I found out something else, too. There are many girls here who are working their way through the University! And they are not left out of things. The other students admire and respect them. A college education must mean something if the kind of women I have seen here are so determined to have one.

I forgot to say that there are nearly 800 girls enrolled in the Main University alone. Of course, they do any number of other things that I do not know about, even if I am developing my powers of observation. On the whole, I think the Texas University girl is a fine sort. I am half inclined to say that I hope little sister will



The "Y" reading room with leather cushioned chairs

grow up to be one. Guess I had better leave that to you and father—and her. Joe.

University Station, Austin.

One of the printed questions to be answered by a freshman when he matriculates is, "What is your object in attending the University?" And because many of them are "here because they're here," as the song goes, they gnaw their fountain pens thoughtfully for perhaps ten minutes, then most frequently put down: "To get an education." That is what the College of Arts is for: "to give boys and girls an education,"—to train them to think concretely and to get the answer before the other fellow does.

I suppose the "B. A." is broader in its scope than any other degree offered in the University. In itself it gives a foundation for a commercial life. And it is almost necessary for the study of any of the professions. Some work is required in this department before



any professional degree is given at the University of Texas—usually five courses, or the equivalent of a year's work. At Harvard, Columbia, Michigan, and many other Eastern universities a B. A. degree is required before a student is admitted to courses in law, medicine, engineering, or other professions.

History, mathematics, English, foreign languages, science—in fact, all the arts are taught. Under the present system of majors and minors, a student is required to do most of his work along the line he likes best, or that which will best fit him to take up the life work he has planned. The work is planned with one of the professors who acts as a sort of adviser for the student.

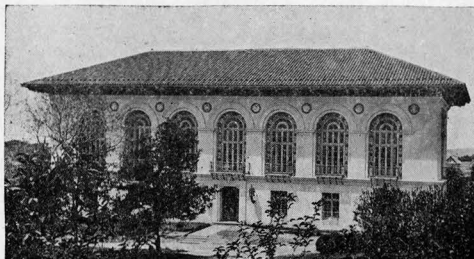
I find that much training is done for "citizenship," to make a man understand more thoroughly and appreciate his obligation to society, and his duty to his fellows, and with the idea of service to the state. All of this has the effect of "narrowing a general education to a cutting edge" as a fellow advances.

There are more than 1500 students in the College of Arts, nearly half of all persons registered in the University. The dean's secretary told me that 722 are enrolled in English 1, and 340 in History 2. There are thirty instructors in the School of English. Think of it!

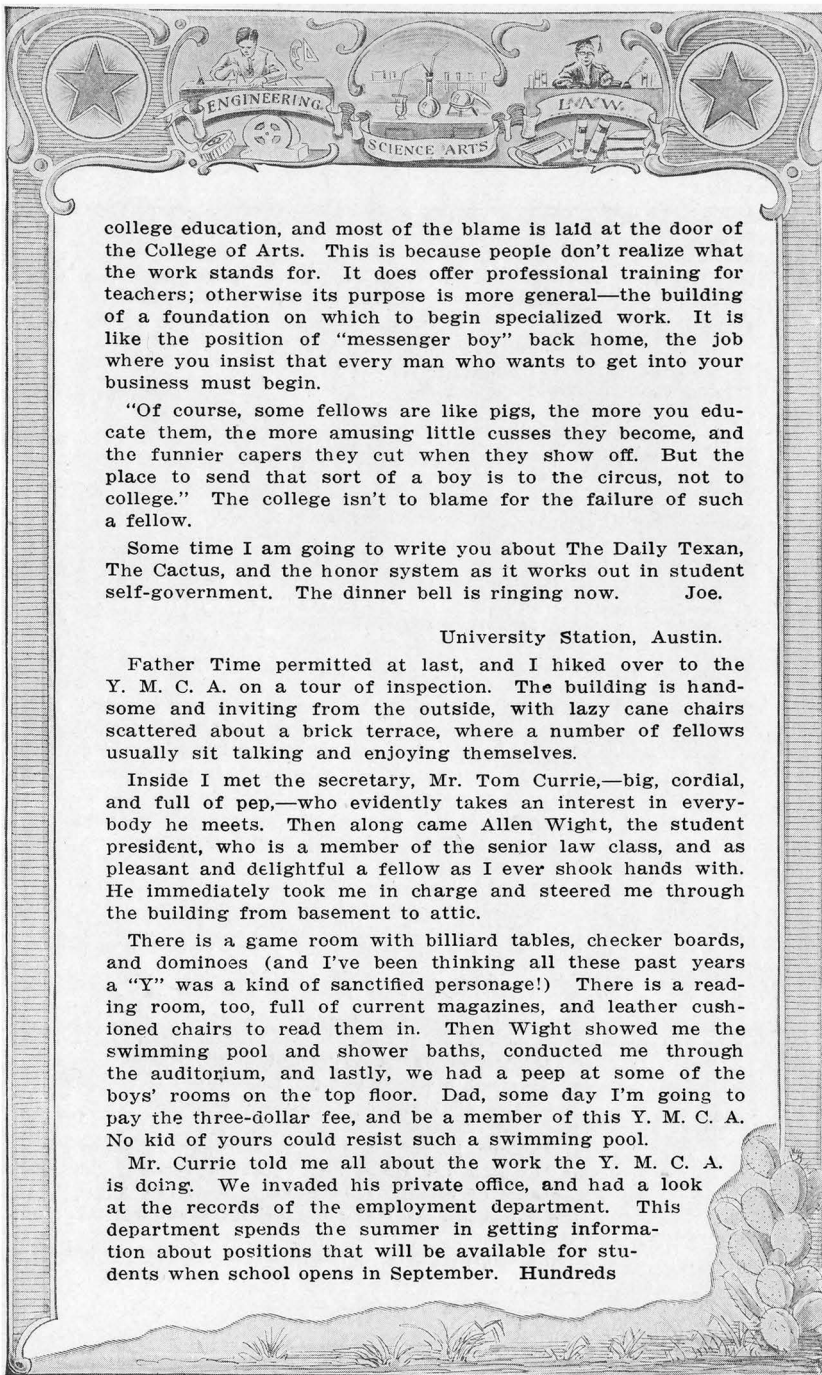
I went to the general library from the dean's office and found a sort of workshop for the College of Arts; a well equipped workshop, too. It contains more than 85,000 bound volumes and 28,000 pamphlets, in addition to 350 American and foreign periodicals. There is a general reading room, also a number of rooms where a fellow may have more privacy for research work.

The College of Arts is a kind of "sun" about which the other schools rotate. The faculty is particularly strong. There are men and women from all of the world's most famous old universities, and they are masters of their subjects.

A lot is said these days about the failures of a



The Library is a newer type of building



college education, and most of the blame is laid at the door of the College of Arts. This is because people don't realize what the work stands for. It does offer professional training for teachers; otherwise its purpose is more general—the building of a foundation on which to begin specialized work. It is like the position of “messenger boy” back home, the job where you insist that every man who wants to get into your business must begin.

“Of course, some fellows are like pigs, the more you educate them, the more amusing little cusses they become, and the funnier capers they cut when they show off. But the place to send that sort of a boy is to the circus, not to college.” The college isn't to blame for the failure of such a fellow.

Some time I am going to write you about The Daily Texan, The Cactus, and the honor system as it works out in student self-government. The dinner bell is ringing now. Joe.

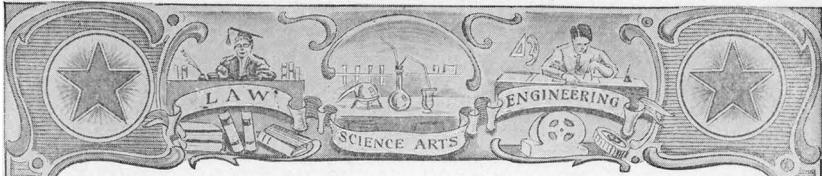
University Station, Austin.

Father Time permitted at last, and I hiked over to the Y. M. C. A. on a tour of inspection. The building is handsome and inviting from the outside, with lazy cane chairs scattered about a brick terrace, where a number of fellows usually sit talking and enjoying themselves.

Inside I met the secretary, Mr. Tom Currie,—big, cordial, and full of pep,—who evidently takes an interest in everybody he meets. Then along came Allen Wight, the student president, who is a member of the senior law class, and as pleasant and delightful a fellow as I ever shook hands with. He immediately took me in charge and steered me through the building from basement to attic.

There is a game room with billiard tables, checker boards, and dominoes (and I've been thinking all these past years a “Y” was a kind of sanctified personage!) There is a reading room, too, full of current magazines, and leather cushioned chairs to read them in. Then Wight showed me the swimming pool and shower baths, conducted me through the auditorium, and lastly, we had a peep at some of the boys' rooms on the top floor. Dad, some day I'm going to pay the three-dollar fee, and be a member of this Y. M. C. A. No kid of yours could resist such a swimming pool.

Mr. Currie told me all about the work the Y. M. C. A. is doing. We invaded his private office, and had a look at the records of the employment department. This department spends the summer in getting information about positions that will be available for students when school opens in September. Hundreds



of students each year secure work through this agency, thus earning part of their expenses.

Then, too, there is a group of young men who are interested in sociology and social service work, and under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. hold mission study classes in the poorer sections of the city, organize newsboys' clubs, boys' athletic clubs, visit the Confederate Home, and conduct programs for entertainment of the inmates.

Every Sunday afternoon devotional services are conducted in the Y auditorium. Tell the mother to cheer up, and quit writing about the "prodigal son" and the "family heathen." I promised to attend, and for once I'm going to stick to my word. If they are as cordial and broad-minded there as they are in the lobby and office, they've got my number. Joe.

University Station, Austin.

I'm for the University! My investigations convince me that the faculty are doing their dead level best to fit men and women for life—for larger usefulness in business, newspaper work, engineering, law, and medicine. They are supplying a surprisingly large number of teachers for high schools over Texas.

I started out to tell you about the Department of Medicine. I didn't go down to Galveston, but I did find out much about the work there from men who know about it personally. The Medical Department is located in Galveston, I understand, largely because of the excellent clinical material offered at the seaport for study. It is a fine place for the students, too. There are schools of medicine, pharmacy and nursing.

They have five buildings, including John Sealy Hospital, the Nurses' Home, and University Hall (the dormitory for women). The John Sealy Hospital offers unusual clinical facilities. During 1913 more than 2,000 patients were treated in the wards, and there were more than 15,000 consultations in the outdoor clinics.

The fees of the Department of Medicine are low as compared with those of other medical schools. Each student pays a \$30 matriculation fee when he enters. This is paid only once. If it is paid for admission to any other department of the University it is not charged again. Laboratory fees, to cover cost of material used and a deposit for breakage, vary from \$5 to \$30.

The Medical College is ranked by Dr. Abraham Flexner with Johns Hopkins, the University of Pennsylvania, and the University of Michigan,—the very best! In addition, the American Medical Association put our school at Galveston among the twenty medical colleges of the United States entitled to receive the grade



The University is an attractive place

of A plus.

The University requires that students do one year of college work, after finishing high school, before entering the Department of Medicine; so that I find many young men here in Austin getting ready to study in the Medical College. I found them yesterday in the schools of zoology and chemistry, in physiology and bacteriology—all busy with their microscopes and test tubes.

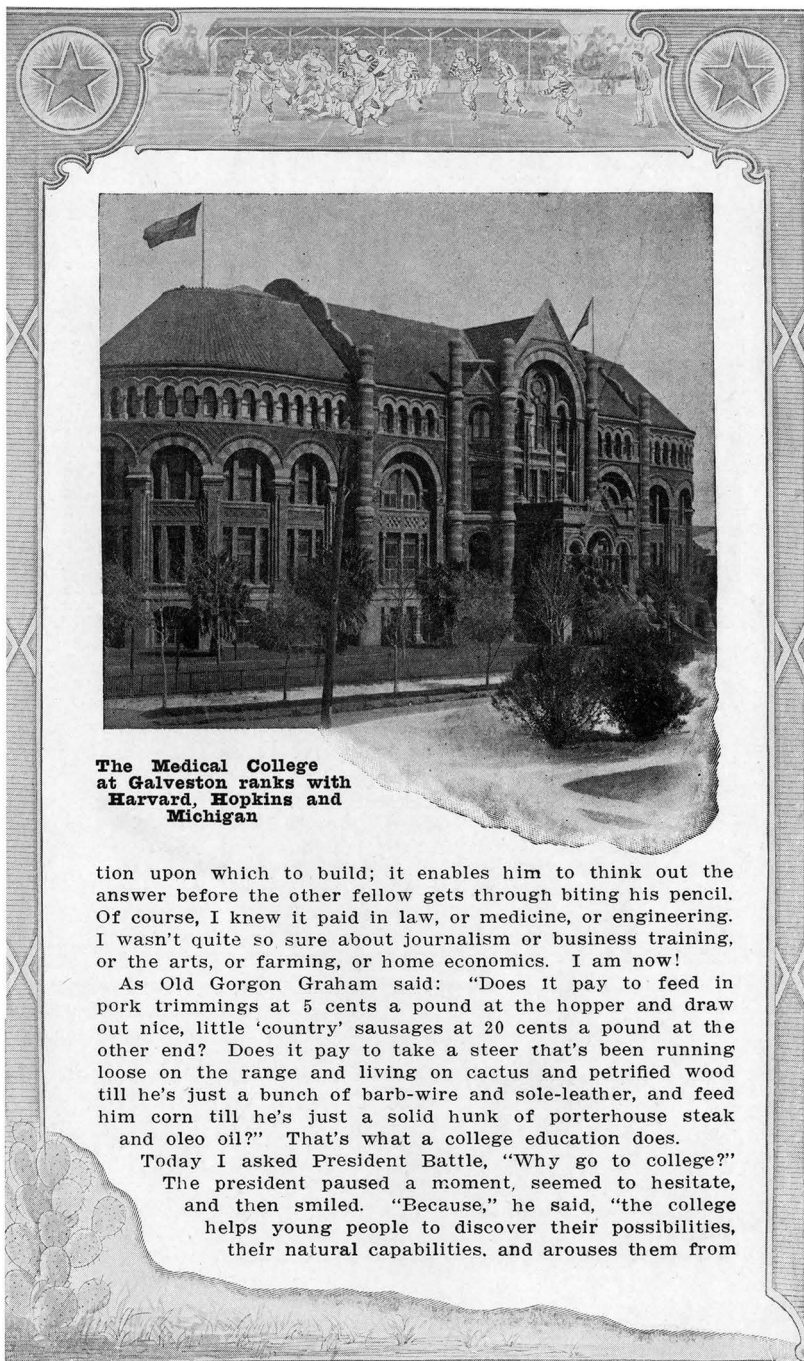
Joe.

University Station, Austin.

I am going to college! You have perhaps surmised that I am a convert. Yes, sir, it is worth while. I didn't believe it when I came down here, and I was sure that no university could make good use of \$700,000 a year.

Why, if I had the money I would give the University of Texas twice that much. I would build a dozen dormitories for boys and half that many homes for girls—where they could secure rooms at cost, and they could take their meals at the "calf," making their expenses a minimum. Then, there would be practically no reason why any boy or girl might not come to college; and Texas would have wiser citizens. The young men who went out into business would be more efficient. The State would find it a gilt-edge bond, bearing better than 10 per cent compound interest.

Is a college education worth while? Al asked me that yesterday. "Yes, sir," I answered. It helps a man to find himself; it gives him a founda-



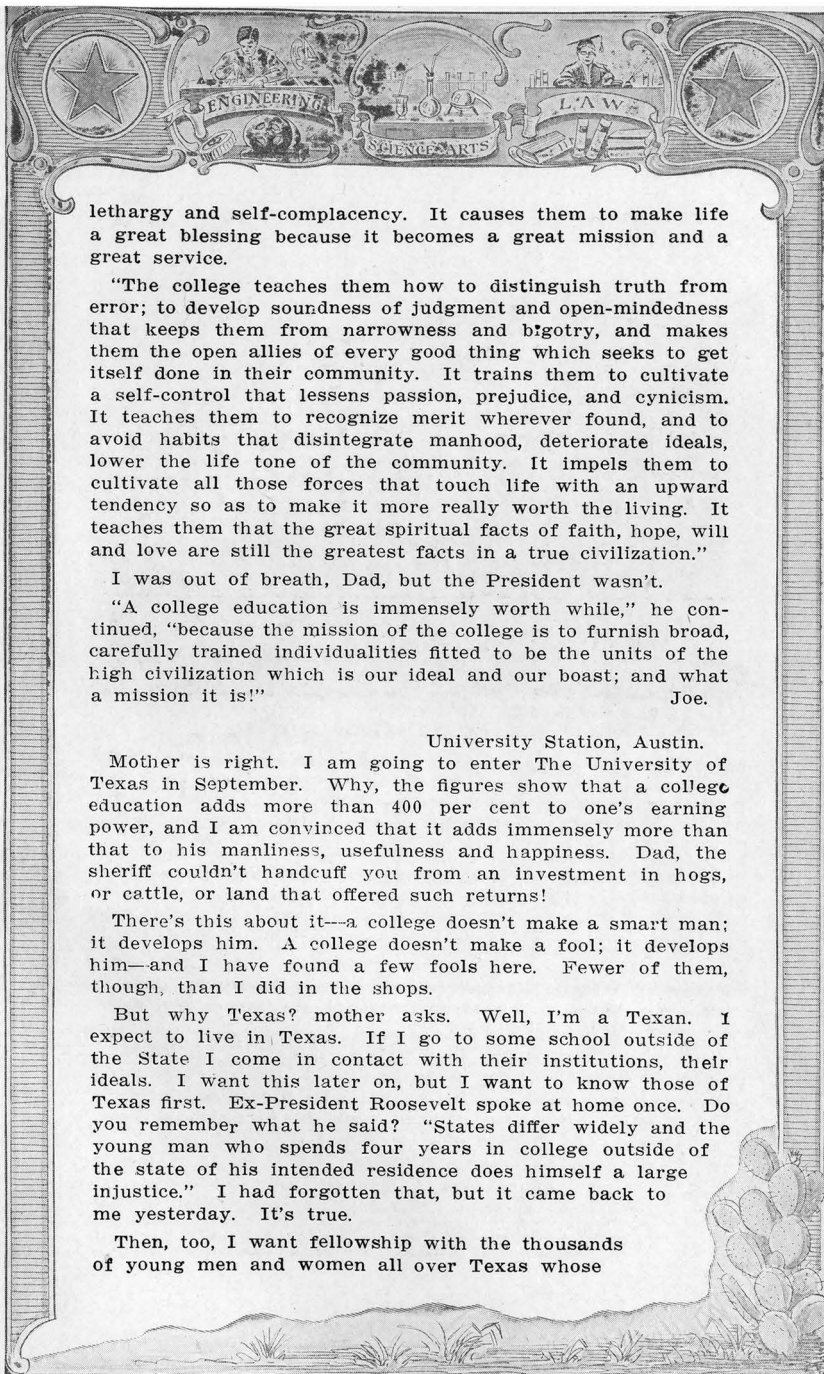
**The Medical College
at Galveston ranks with
Harvard, Hopkins and
Michigan**

tion upon which to build; it enables him to think out the answer before the other fellow gets through biting his pencil. Of course, I knew it paid in law, or medicine, or engineering. I wasn't quite so sure about journalism or business training, or the arts, or farming, or home economics. I am now!

As Old Gorgon Graham said: "Does it pay to feed in pork trimmings at 5 cents a pound at the hopper and draw out nice, little 'country' sausages at 20 cents a pound at the other end? Does it pay to take a steer that's been running loose on the range and living on cactus and petrified wood till he's just a bunch of barb-wire and sole-leather, and feed him corn till he's just a solid hunk of porterhouse steak and oleo oil?" That's what a college education does.

Today I asked President Battle, "Why go to college?"

The president paused a moment, seemed to hesitate, and then smiled. "Because," he said, "the college helps young people to discover their possibilities, their natural capabilities, and arouses them from



lethargy and self-complacency. It causes them to make life a great blessing because it becomes a great mission and a great service.

"The college teaches them how to distinguish truth from error; to develop soundness of judgment and open-mindedness that keeps them from narrowness and bigotry, and makes them the open allies of every good thing which seeks to get itself done in their community. It trains them to cultivate a self-control that lessens passion, prejudice, and cynicism. It teaches them to recognize merit wherever found, and to avoid habits that disintegrate manhood, deteriorate ideals, lower the life tone of the community. It impels them to cultivate all those forces that touch life with an upward tendency so as to make it more really worth the living. It teaches them that the great spiritual facts of faith, hope, will and love are still the greatest facts in a true civilization."

I was out of breath, Dad, but the President wasn't.

"A college education is immensely worth while," he continued, "because the mission of the college is to furnish broad, carefully trained individualities fitted to be the units of the high civilization which is our ideal and our boast; and what a mission it is!"

Joe.

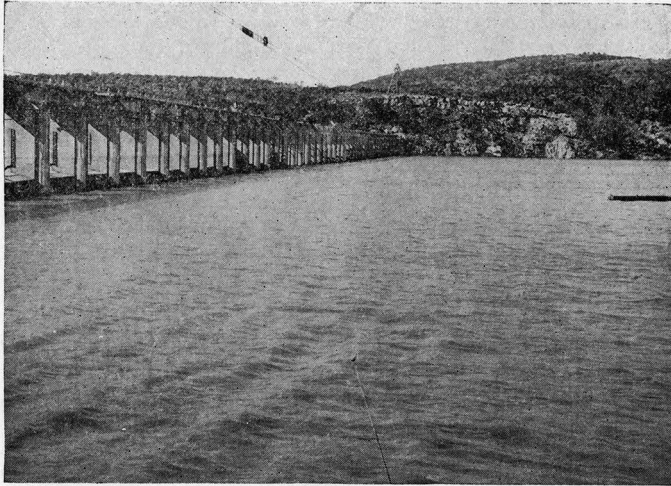
University Station, Austin.

Mother is right. I am going to enter The University of Texas in September. Why, the figures show that a college education adds more than 400 per cent to one's earning power, and I am convinced that it adds immensely more than that to his manliness, usefulness and happiness. Dad, the sheriff couldn't handcuff you from an investment in hogs, or cattle, or land that offered such returns!

There's this about it—a college doesn't make a smart man; it develops him. A college doesn't make a fool; it develops him—and I have found a few fools here. Fewer of them, though, than I did in the shops.

But why Texas? mother asks. Well, I'm a Texan. I expect to live in Texas. If I go to some school outside of the State I come in contact with their institutions, their ideals. I want this later on, but I want to know those of Texas first. Ex-President Roosevelt spoke at home once. Do you remember what he said? "States differ widely and the young man who spends four years in college outside of the state of his intended residence does himself a large injustice." I had forgotten that, but it came back to me yesterday. It's true.

Then, too, I want fellowship with the thousands of young men and women all over Texas whose



All students will row and swim in Lake Austin

pulses beat faster whenever they see a reference to the University of Texas, or meet one of the boys from here—just as it used to do when they sang :The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You." It is worth something, too, to have the co-operation of the men and women, increasing in number with each commencement, who are doing the great work of the State. It is all right to go to Harvard, or Chicago, or Hopkins for graduation work; but I'll take four years at Texas.

Besides, it's less expensive. The State pays my tuition at the University of Texas. The only charges are a matriculation fee of \$30, payable once for all time; a hospital fee of \$3; a library deposit of \$5; \$1 gymnasium fee, and fees varying from \$3 to \$15 for students taking courses requiring laboratory work. I will bring a catalogue and show you how little it all amounts to.

A fellow can secure a desirable room for \$5 a month. If a boy is so fortunate as to get into B Hall he pays only \$2 to \$4.50 a month for his room. These rooms are assigned in order of application, and don't last more than five minutes.

Table board can be secured as cheap as \$12 a month at the cafeteria. At some of the exclusive boarding houses it costs perhaps \$20 a month. As I see it, a boy can go through the University easily on \$300 a year. Many of the fellows spend mighty little more than \$200.

I want you to begin making plans now to let 'Beth and Ben come to the University of Texas. I shall not wait until September. I can save half a year by entering in January. Fifteen rahs for Texas! Joe.

